

for simulated cheerfulness and courage, and as the old man prayed the barriers were borne down by the rush of feeling hitherto held in check by force of will. The brave little mother broke down into quiet weeping while the father commended 'the member of the family departing from his home this day to the care and keeping of the great Father from whom distance cannot separate and to whom no land is strange.' Graeme, too, I could see was losing his grip of himself, but the prayer rose into a great strain of thanksgiving for 'the love that reached down from Heaven to save a world of lost men, and for the noble company who were giving their lives to bring this love near to men's hearts.' Then we all grew quiet, and under the steadying of that prayer the farewells were easier.

'Goodbye, Leslie, my son. God be with you and keep you and make you a blessing to many,' said the old gentleman. His voice was grave and steady, but he immediately turned aside and blew his nose like a trumpet, remarking upon the chilly morning air. The mother's farewell was without a word. She reached up and put her arms about her son's neck, kissed him twice and then let him go.

But while the trunks were being got on to the waggon, she came and stood outside the gate, looking up at us with a face so white and wan, but with a smile so brave, so trembling, so pitiful, that I did not wonder that